

# ANISOKAY



ARMS



Nobody, anybody, somebody, who are you?  
Nobody, anybody, and no one to say it to  
I'm in a coma I'm in the blue  
Don't even know what the fuck I'm gonna do  
Nothing concrete in my direction  
No simplicity in my perfection

I'm in a coma - I'm in the blue  
Let me fly away  
Cos I don't wanna stay here until my dying day  
Nobody, anybody, somebody,  
Who are you? who are you?

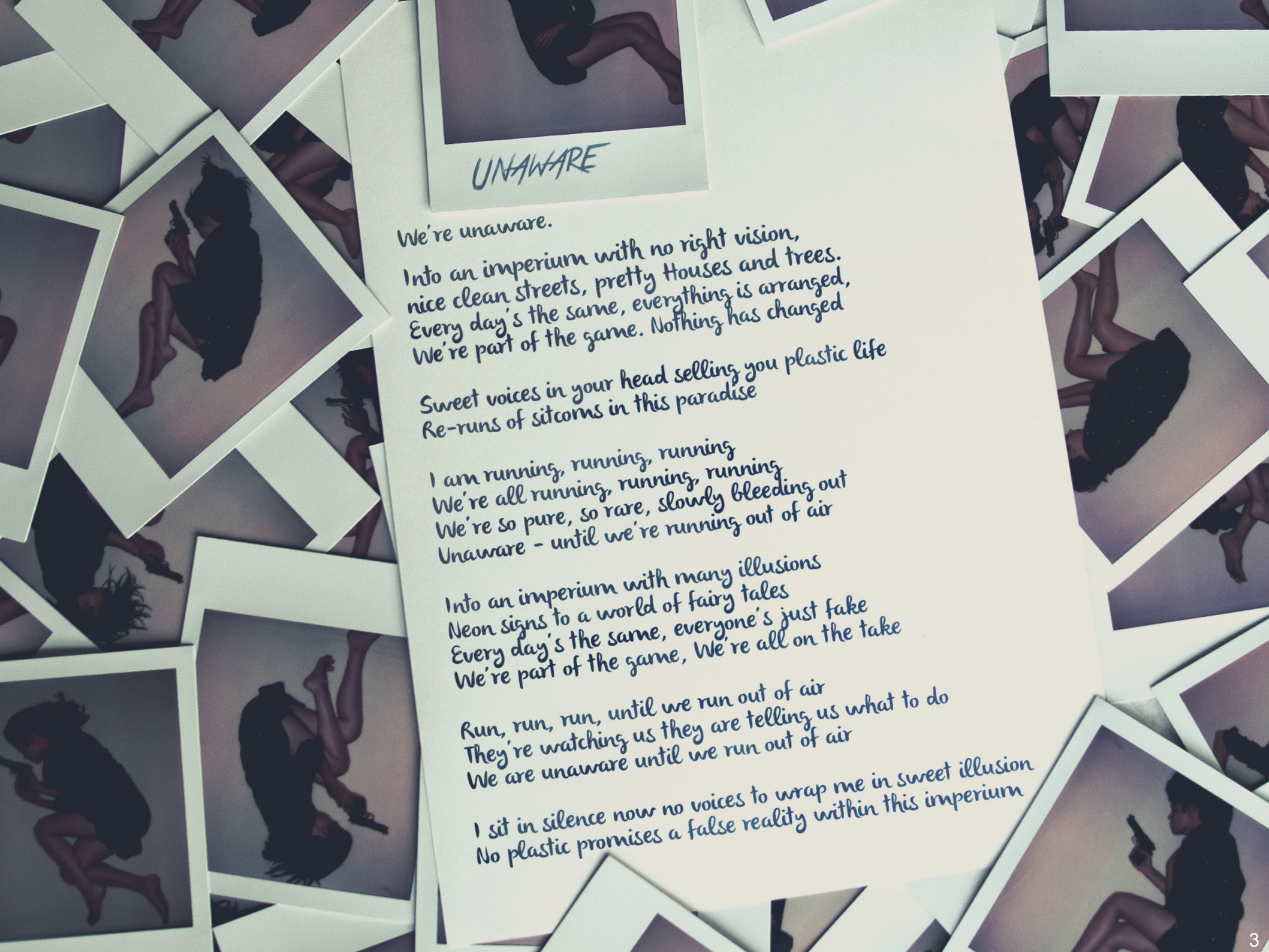
So just become the most adaptable creature  
An evolution that belongs to the future  
The truth is so damn hard to take  
When you're a bird of prey

Walking down the soulless street  
The weightless steps of burning feet  
Bracing as the days fly past  
But in reality they last  
Among the ruins of the past  
At the greatest speed, at the dip  
Give me one reason to stop this trip  
As the ashes turn to dust  
Give me one reason to end this rush



COMA BLUE





## UNAWARE

We're unaware.

Into an imperium with no right vision,  
nice clean streets, pretty Houses and trees.  
Every day's the same, everything is arranged,  
We're part of the game. Nothing has changed

Sweet voices in your head selling you plastic life  
Re-runs of sitcoms in this paradise

I am running, running, running  
We're all running, running, running  
We're so pure, so rare, slowly bleeding out  
Unaware - until we're running out of air

Into an imperium with many illusions  
Neon signs to a world of fairy tales  
Every day's the same, everyone's just fake  
We're part of the game, We're all on the take

Run, run, run, until we run out of air  
They're watching us they are telling us what to do  
We are unaware until we run out of air

I sit in silence now no voices to wrap me in sweet illusion  
No plastic promises a false reality within this imperium



Your sweet insanity is whispering in my ears  
And you speak of honesty by lying to yourself

So tell me do you know any more good stories  
Which role should I play?  
And I can be the least of all of your worries  
How often can you say:  
Believe me I'm so sorry  
But the truth is I'm not a part of your story

My world is incomplete  
And you've been filling in the gaps with lies  
And we're all just characters  
You've written between the lines

My world is incomplete, where I've fallen at your feet  
My world is incomplete, while you get back on your feet

Hanging from this framework of good stories  
And making your own moral categories  
However the wreckage that you leave  
I've proven to myself that I am very naive

I just didn't wanna know  
The large gift of your narrative skill  
More than anything I get to know  
That words can kill

Hanging from this framework of good stories  
Of double meanings and parallel worlds  
Against a wall where souls are hurled  
My world is incomplete



GOOD STORIES



In a run down store on the edge of town  
They sold a gun called Columbine.

It's been a long, long time  
Since I held a gun  
It's been a long time  
Since the West was won

But i need protection  
from people like me  
It becomes an infection  
Becomes a disease

It's been a long time since I held a gun  
To the head of a man In the name of love  
It's been a long time since a bullet flew  
from the laws that were passed  
By the powers that be

It's the same old store where they proudly sold  
The gun that shot John Lennon down  
Shot Lennon down

It's the same old news when the kids that go  
Off to school don't make it home  
In the land of the free

You could go fully automatic - Give me all that cash  
You could go fully automatic - Give me cold hard cash

As an American, this is my right



FULLY AUTOMATIC



You can find me  
at the same tree  
In the forest of the dead  
The same day every year  
When the leaves grow red

Don't leave me a letter  
You can say it to my face  
Don't tell me you're dying  
to make the world a better place

Life - A sacred gift from your mother  
What are you giving her back?

There is no you and I in suicide  
Cos your pain won't die  
Your pain won't die with you  
You're just passing it on

And she's there at the same tree  
In the forest of the dead  
The same day every year  
When the leaves grow red

You're killing so much more  
You're killing so much more than you

With all the lovesick  
Drowning in the sea of trees

SEA OF TREES



Another lonely name etched in the stone  
On a wall, in a cell, with a prisoners bone.  
As the night drags it's fingers over our eyes  
So too do my fingers trace these outlines

Lights out, lights out  
And the concrete slowly works its way  
Into a mans heart  
Real world rules - No missing evidence.  
Real world rules - No prison break  
Real world rules - No tunnels to freedom.  
Innocence was here

Someone else's fail has cost you your life.  
What happens now  
When the doors have slammed shut?

Lights out, lights out  
Till we think only with barbed wire brain cells  
And dream only of some long ago life.

Lights out, lights out  
As the screamers begin their lament  
In voices long shredded with fear and regret  
And the natural born killers  
Rest peaceful in their violent sleep

And when somebody else's fingers  
Have traced the initials I've carved  
Carved into the stone,  
There was no prison break,  
There was no escape,  
Someone elses mistake.  
I was innocent all along



INNOCENCE WAS HERE





# HUMANOPHOBIA

It's a feeding frenzy  
Cos fear makes money  
and if you're dealing in fear  
You're gonna need some enemies

So find me an enemy  
Find me an enemy  
You can not kill kings  
To flush out the jacks

And You would raze whole cities  
Even poison the sun  
for the few bad men  
Who never loved anyone

We need more money  
So we're making fear  
But the fear needs a name  
And the fear needs a face

Don't blame a whole race  
for the few sick fucks  
Who never learned shit  
And never loved anyone

Most humans never kill anyone



All life is lost, the time has come  
All the love has gone  
I'm all alone, the only one, I am your last son.  
Look at us, who we've been and what we've become  
Shadows in a universe without a sun.

Is there anyone, anyone, Is there anyone left with me  
Is there anyone out there tell me if you hear me  
I am lonely, broken, I am so alone out here  
Tell me where I need to go - Tell me where you are right now

What is life - without an aim  
Everyday the same, forgot to care  
We hunted fame, a never ending game  
Everything we had is worthless now  
Everything we need to survive somehow

Dark wastelands overshadow every smile  
Life is gone - life is lost  
I'm a broken man in a broken place  
Nobody won, we all lost instead  
Lost in space. No rebirth  
An incurable scar  
This is the place we called earth.  
A victim of war?



END OF THE WORLD





## ESCALATORS

We cannot wait  
until the grass has grown,  
To realise all our birds have flown  
Old traditions can be broken down  
Playing the only game in town  
Tell me what, tell me what  
makes a valuable person?


Everyone, everyone is a unique version  
We get lost, we get lost in the human crowd

We get lost in the crowd  
Where everything's - Yeah everything's allowed  
So let us stay, stay

Our daily routine is bitter-sweet  
As we feel more and more incomplete  
Old traditions can be broken down  
Losing the only game in town  
Tell me why, tell me why  
Why don't we ignore the ban  
Everyone, everyone has it on their own hands

On escalators and standing on the right  
Against the crowds, we changed the sides  
We blindly understand each other  
And like the story to go further





I hated it every time the captain is still in my head  
The shadow predicts the fall  
One last war and then never again  
My back to the wall, my back to the wall  
foreseeable when  
Can I compete? Can I compete? Can I have permission?  
To dream, come clean you are the problem  
You're the solution - you are the problem  
find a quiet spot take your best shot  
A private paradise - your private paradise  
When life is too long but still too short

I hated you every time  
But I never wanted you more  
Drinking the poison itself  
Straight from the lips of a whore  
Slowly I drown, slowly I drown  
Down in the back of the well  
The poison itself - a chemical mess  
Burning a hole in my head

Let's go  
I'm counting away at the days  
And it's almost as if life is wasting away  
And I'm dying inside and I'm killing myself  
just to fill in a void that can never be filled  
Why I'm just a sucker for habits  
I'm ruining everything that I've loved  
Over and over the process destroying my mind  
and a soul I can never get back  
You are the problem  
It's never gonna change



PRIVATE PARADISE  
FEAT. CHRIS FRONZEAK



Head under water  
So easy to get lost  
No need to bother  
Expect the worst  
Keep my head under water  
Till I'm unconscious  
Let's count the seconds together  
Till my heart is at rest

I am on the way to the dead  
One, two, three, four  
A rush of blood to the head  
Five, six, seven, eight... stop

You think it's just a second in a world of time  
But how much is it when it comes to dying  
One second can decide about now or never  
Will you stay or go?  
Nothing lasts forever

Driving down the avenue out of town  
Which is the tree for you, let's count them down  
Driving through the night  
Straight through red traffic lights  
Should I grip the wheel tight  
Or should I just let go  
Do you ever think of staying underwater  
Eight, seven, six, five  
What is it that keeps me from doing it  
Four, three, two, one, stop!

It's the heaviest choice to cross the dark line  
Cause Every time I try you stay there and shine  
It's the heaviest choice because you're in my mind  
Every time I try diving into the black water void.

You light me up in these dark times





I am locked out, I am locked in  
the final nail in the coffin  
underwater or under the sky  
I don't know how, I don't know why

if we started again  
from the very beginning  
I'd still miss you, I'd still miss you  
a different path  
to the very same heartstrings  
that now form a noose  
that now form a noose.

Passion becomes a prison  
And I'm trying to relive what I no longer feel  
freedom is not free  
An apocalypse in heaven for me

Slipping away from you  
Right through the bars of our prison cell  
I am locked out, I am locked in  
Holding the final nail for the coffin  
The ashes of my energy  
Bring me to my misery







CHRISTOPH





DAVE









NORBERT





PHILIPP







ANNISOKAY



ANNISOKAY ARE  
CHRISTOPH WIECZOREK - CLEAN VOCALS, GUITAR  
DAVE GRUNEWALD - SCREAMS  
NORBERT ROSE - BASS  
PHILIPP KRETZSCHMAR - GUITAR  
NICO VAEEN - DRUMS

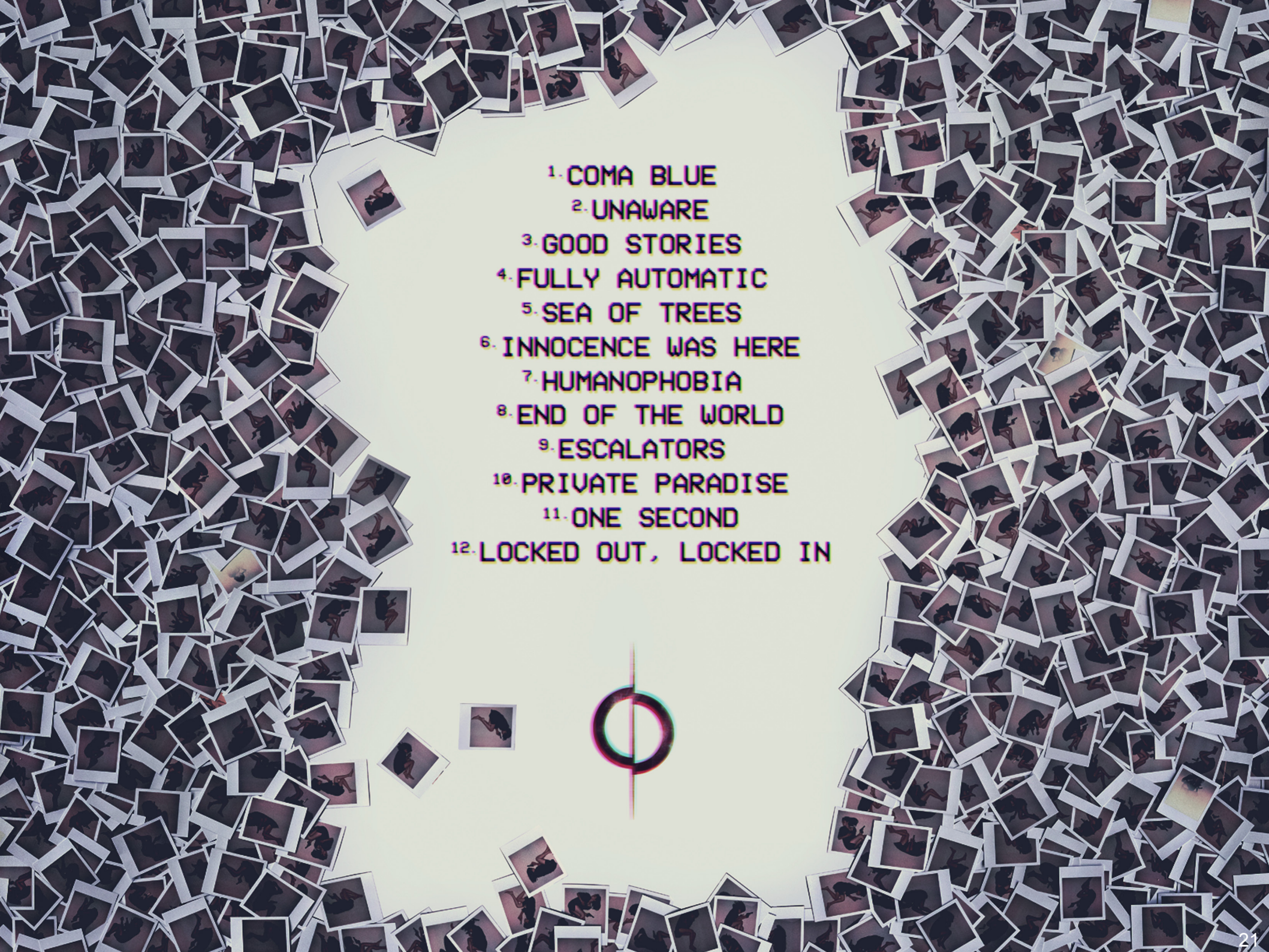
PRODUCED BY BENNY RICHTER AND CHRISTOPH WIECZOREK  
RECORDED BY PETER LEUKHARDT AND JULIAN BREUKER AT SAWDUST RECORDINGS  
MIXED AND MASTERED BY CHRISTOPH WIECZOREK AT SAWDUST RECORDINGS  
ADDITIONAL VIOLIN PLAYED BY ENIKÖ KOUÁCS  
PHOTOS, ARTWORK AND LAYOUT BY FELIX FRÖHLICH  
MODEL: KATHI HILLER

MANAGEMENT: NIKO TSAGARAKIS AND PATRICIA MARKERT OF POSEIDON MANAGEMENT

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

BENNY RICHTER, CHRIS FRONZAK, ENIKÖ KOUÁCS, FELIX FRÖHLICH,  
HANNAH RASEL, IAIN DUNCAN, JANINE KUHN, JOHANNES HOLLEGER,  
JOSH WAGNER, JULE HAUPT, JULIA STOTZ, JULIAN BREUKER, KATHI HILLER,  
LUDWIG WELTE, MARV RUDNICK, MARKUS STAIGER, NIKO TSAGARAKIS,  
NICOLAS KURI, PATRICIA MARKERT, PAUL MATTHEWS,  
PETER LEUKHARDT, PHILIPP HERRMANN, ROBIN BAUMANN, SAM KUBRICK,  
TOBIAS FALARZ



- 
1. COMA BLUE
  2. UNAWARE
  3. GOOD STORIES
  4. FULLY AUTOMATIC
  5. SEA OF TREES
  6. INNOCENCE WAS HERE
  7. HUMANOPHOBIA
  8. END OF THE WORLD
  9. ESCALATORS
  10. PRIVATE PARADISE
  11. ONE SECOND
  12. LOCKED OUT, LOCKED IN

